

DEAREST MAE

a Celebrated Ethiopian Song

SUNG BY THE

HARMONEONS

The Words by FRANCIS LYNCH.

The Music by JAMES POWER.

COMPOSED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

L. V. H. Crosby.

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THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES I.

BY

JOHN HALLAM

ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN

AND

OF THE BARR

AT LINCOLN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

PRINTED BY

J. JOHNSON

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

YARD

1781

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

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1781

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DEAREST MAE.

a^d Favorite

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

Allegretto.

HARMONIONS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Now Nig-gers lis-ten

to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It hap-pen'd in de val-ly, In de

Old Car...li...na state; Way down in de meadow, 'Twas dare I mow'd de

hay; I al...ways work de har...der, When I think ob lub...ly Mae.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a....way!

ALTO.

Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a....way!

TENOR.

Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a....way!

BASS.

Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a....way!

ff

DEAREST MAE.

DEAREST MAE.

Now Niggers listen to me, a story I'll relate;
 It happen'd in de vally, in de Old Carlina state;
 Way down in de meadow, 'twas dare I mow'd de hay,
 I always work de harder, when I think ob lubly Mae

Oh! dearest Mae,
 You'r lubly as de day;
 Your eyes so bright
 Dey shine at night
 When the moon am gwane away!

2

Old Massa gib me a Holiday an'say he'd gib me more,
 I tank'd him bery kindly an'shoved my boat from shore;
 So down de river I glides along wid my heart so light and free,
 To de cottage ob my lubly Mae I'd long'd so much to see.

Oh! dearest Mae, &c.

3

On the banks of de river whar de trees dey hang so low,
 De coon among thar branches play, while de mink he keeps below;
 Oh! dar is de spot an Mae she looks so neat,
 Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, her lips are red as beet.

Oh! dearest Mae, &c.

4

Benead de shady old oak tree, we sat for many an hour,
 Happy as de Bussard bird dat flies about de flower;
 But oh dear Mae I leff her she cried when boff we parted,
 I bid sweet Mae a long farewell and back to Massa started.

Oh dearest Mae, &c.

